Downward Facing

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Downward Facing

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Summary

“I’m on my porch in the mornings,” he emphasized, “and you have no curtains.”

“I’m aware.”

It took Will another moment to understand, growing redder all the while. His neighbor kept smiling that knowing smile.

“My name is Hannibal,” he said. “Would you like to come inside?”

Will likes the guy who just moved in next door. He's quiet and handsome and non-invasive... and does naked yoga in his living room every morning when Will goes out for a cup of coffee. He should tell him... right?

Notes

A kinkmeme prompt we had too much fun with XD neither of us know shit all about Yoga.

See the end of the work for more notes

Will had noticed the new guy move in the week before; it was hard not to, with the moving van taking up most of the street for an hour as people ran in and out carrying someone's boxed up life into an empty new house. Will had watched from the porch, dogs meandering about by the fence trying to get a glimpse of the stranger. None barked. He'd trained them well. It was the only way he could afford to have seven dogs in the middle of suburbia without some 'well-meaning' stay-home mom complaining about the noise.

The guy hadn't come over to introduce himself, which already put him higher on Will's list of people he'd rather approach, than his other next door neighbor. And he'd settled in quickly, unpacking within the first two nights and heading into work midweek. It was pretty impressive, actually.

The one thing he hadn't seemed to have thought of was putting up curtains in the side window of his front room - the window that Will immediately looked into upon stepping onto the porch. It wasn't problematic as such, but it was a curious decision, since the man religiously did yoga every morning and every evening in the nude.

The first time Will saw, he'd tripped over one of the dogs and spilled his coffee along the length of his porch. Because who the fuck does naked yoga in the middle of suburbia without curtains? Apparently, his new neighbor.

He'd gone right back in that day, calling the dogs back from the safety of the doorway, once they were done with their business. It was the polite thing to do. It was the *right* thing to do.

The problem, however, became quickly apparent: Will's new neighbor was hot.

Will would be the first to admit that it had been a while. A *long* , long while. But he wasn't *desperate.* He could have gone out and gotten laid if he really wanted to, he just didn't want to.

But three days later, Will stepped out on his porch, and there his neighbor was again.

He was broad chested, with strong arms and legs, firmly muscled in a way that made Will's mouth water. He had a thick patch of hair across his chest that became a trail, tucking down to a tidy patch between his thighs and…

Will turned his head away, blushing deeply. Well. That was certainly a mouthful. Or two.

Will took a mouthful of coffee. Or two.

He refused to look over again, to just enjoy his first morning coffee on his own damn porch like he had for months now. But out the corner of his eye he could see the man slowly moving to change positions. Now he was bent entirely over, legs straight, palms to the floor. And if that wasn't an evocative image…

Will decided after that to have his coffee inside instead.

A week later, Will came prepared. He had his phone on hand with a list of common yoga poses and their names as he pointedly did *not* cast his eyes over to the window through which he could see his neighbor. He didn't look. He didn't care. He wasn't a creep who stared through people's windows and perved on their perfect bodies.

When he went back inside again, Will understood the difference between the Dolphin pose and the Downward-Facing Dog and had painfully inappropriate fantasies about using both with a partner. It took a quiet yip from one of his dogs to bring Will back to reality and kick himself for being creepy. Because he was being *creepy* , he needed to politely tell his neighbor to close his curtains and forget about it.

Although… telling him that would imply that he saw something, and it had been now two weeks since the man had moved in, which would suggest that for that length of time Will had 'seen something'... and surely that was more embarrassing than just letting the man partake in his morning ritual undisturbed?

And Will wasn't *disturbing* him, he was just developing his own routine around it.

He rose earlier. He drank coffee slower. He spent a long thirty minutes on his porch at least four times a week, and he spent a lot more time hating himself.

He also spent a lot more time loving himself.

At night, Will would crawl into bed, spread out on his back with one hand wrapped around his cock and the other tugging at his hair. He imagined heat around him, imagined bracing his hands on sturdy hips or spreading strong thighs around him.

Often, Will found himself with a handful of slick and a stomach twisted with disgust. It didn't seem to stop the fantasies.

He had taken it too far. It had to stop.

One morning, Will worked up his courage and rose earlier than usual. He stood on his neighbor's porch, mentally running through excuses and lies as he knocked.

There wasn't an answer for several harrowing moments, before Will heard footsteps down the hall. He straightened his shoulders, immediately slouched them, crossed his arms and uncrossed them, and by the time the door opened had them behind his head as though he was under arrest or getting a patdown.

His neighbor had put on a pair of shorts, at least, though they left very little to the imagination, and tilted his head at Will with a curious little smile. Will swallowed.

"Hi," he managed, finally. "I live next door."

"I know," the other replied, and Will thought he would fall through the earth right then and there. "I see you walking your dogs past my house in the evenings. You have quite a pack."

He had an accent. Of course he had an accent. What *didn't* he have that checked Will's boxes?

“Yeah,” it came out as a sigh, a laugh of relief. “Yeah, seven.”

“I wouldn’t have believed it if I hadn’t seen them all,” his neighbor replied. “They’re so quiet I rarely hear them from my yard.”

Will nodded, unsure what else to say on the matter, and the other didn’t offer another olive branch to keep the conversation rolling. In the end, Will cleared his throat and shoved his hands into his pockets.

“I’m - actually, the reason I came by… I hope I didn’t wake you or disturb you or anything.”

“You didn’t,” that smile was growing warmer and Will had no idea what to do with himself.

“Good. I mean. Great. I’d hate to have… I um,” he cleared his throat and tried again. “The window. The one that uh. That looks over my porch. You haven’t got curtains on it.”

Smooth, Graham, real smooth .

The man tilted his head, glancing away, as if retracing his footsteps mentally. “I haven’t,” he finally agreed.

He said nothing more, staring at Will, waiting, perhaps, for a point. Will stared back, praying he would reach the conclusion without Will having to say something.

He didn’t, or if he did, he said nothing. He was incredibly patient, as Will went red and tried to find words.

“Coffee,” he finally said. “My dogs have coffee. I mean. I have coffee in the morning, when I let my dogs out. Early in the morning. *Really* early,” he added meaningfully.

“Yes.” The man said. He was smiling now, soft and small. Will stared at him.

“I’m on my porch in the mornings,” he emphasized, “and you have no curtains.”

“I’m aware.”

It took Will another moment to understand, growing redder all the while. His neighbor kept smiling that knowing smile.

“My name is Hannibal,” he said. “Would you like to come inside?”

“I -” Will wanted to swallow his tongue before he said something stupid like, “sure. Yes. I’d love to.”

Hannibal gestured for Will to come in, and quietly closed the door behind them both. Will had no idea what to think, what to do. So the man knew that Will could see him, he’d probably seen Will look since Will hadn’t exactly been subtle about it with his damn phone looking up asanas, and he wasn’t… angry? Or humiliated? Or concerned?

“I didn’t mean to look,” Will blurted out when Hannibal moved to stand in front of him again, not blocking his way, but more like encouraging Will further into the house, and out of the hallway. “Not the first time… anyway.”

“It’s flattering to have a captive audience,” Hannibal replied, eyes narrowing in pleasure. Will wondered if he could get even redder than he was now, because surely, surely not. “Have you tried it before?’

“Tried -”

“Yoga,” Hannibal clarified, though the clarification held in itself a whole host of innuendoes. “I’d be happy to instruct you, if you’re curious.”

“Oh um,” Will drew a hand through his hair before forcing his arms to cross over his middle again. Anything not to fidget. Anything not to make a right fool of himself *again* in front of his very hot, almost-naked neighbor. “I don’t think I’d be able to keep up.”

“We’ll start slow,” Hannibal assured him, setting a hand to Will’s elbow to lead him into the room Will had been peeking through the window at for weeks. “I’ll be sure to be gentle,” he added with a wink, when Will stumbled over his own feet and stared at him.

This time, Will was right up close when Hannibal unrolled his yoga mat. When he tugged down his tiny shorts. When he gracefully knelt on the mat and smirked up at Will.

“Those are entirely the wrong clothes for these sorts of stretches,” he said. “Perhaps you’d be more comfortable without them?”

Will’s mouth was dry. He was very, *very* certain that his hot, ungodly flexible neighbor was flirting with him. He was less certain of how to respond, when his senses had fled him entirely at the first up-close look at Hannibal’s uncut cock.

Hannibal raised an eyebrow, his expression still amused and knowing. “Would you like some assistance?”

Will’s hands flew to his belt. He didn’t always make the best choices in his life, but he was not stupid enough to let this pass by him. Not when he’d seen just how easily Hannibal could stretch and contort his body.

He nearly tripped out of his jeans, and when he was finally naked, he took the hand Hannibal offered, dropping hastily and painfully to his knees.

“The art of yoga is all about concentration,” Hannibal said, eyes taking in Will’s form, knowing full well he wasn’t listening to a single word he was saying. “Patience. Poise. We’ll start simply.”

Hannibal stood up again gracefully, too gracefully, and for a moment Will wondered if it really was that easy to flirt with someone, really that easy to just lean a little closer, because Hannibal’s cock was just at the right height to -

“Up, Will,” Hannibal told him, amused, and Will moved to obey. “Hands at your sides, shoulders straight and relaxed down. Nothing simpler than the mountain pose outside of corpse pose, and that will come later.”

Will stood as he was told, feeling suddenly ridiculously foolish, because while watching yoga had really done it for him, participating as a beginner really wasn’t. He looked over Hannibal’s head to the window that had been his voyeuristic little television screen for weeks and swallowed, casting his eyes to Hannibal instead.

Will completely missed what the next pose was called because he frankly didn’t care. Hannibal was spreading his legs and bending his knees and broadening his chest and Will felt all the blood rush from his head to between his legs. He moved to copy the pose, found that it was actually much harder to hold it than Hannibal made it look, and damn near immediately lost his balance.

“Shit -”

A strong arm around his middle, another gentle at his elbow and Will was straightening up again and shoving his mouth to Hannibal’s and his hands into this hair and kissing him like the world was ending.

Hannibal kissed him back, fierce and sturdy. He was bolder with his hands than Will was, grabbing two handfuls of his ass and hauling him closer.

“My apologies,” he murmured against Will’s lips, his voice dangerously low and gravely. “I was beginning to think you would never catch on.”

“You can call me an idiot,” Will said, “because clearly…” he didn’t feel like saying any more, not when Hannibal was right there, close enough to taste, close enough for Will to run his fingers through his chest hair and tug.

Hannibal made a sound, a sort of growl that went right to Will’s thickening cock.

“I can’t stand like this,” Will said, and down they went.

Hannibal pulled Will over him, sprawled on his back on the thin mat. Will fit perfectly between those toned thighs. He could feel the heat of a thick cock against his stomach, and he had never ached so badly for another person.

“I want to touch you,” he whispered. “I’ve wanted it so badly.”

“I hope you do,” Hannibal told him, tone amused despite how rough his voice was. “I’d hate for that to take another two months of silent inviting.”

“Shut up,” Will laughed, leaning in to make him before Hannibal could reply. The kiss was lazy, sloppy, as neither seemed to care much for decorum, and when Will rocked down against Hannibal he *growled* again and Will nearly lost it.

But no. No. Not before he got a taste of Hannibal’s skin, of his cock, of anything he could get his lips on. He pulled away and ducked his head to kiss over Hannibal’s throat, down to his

collarbones, to his chest. Will nipped at the skin there and spread his knees a little to spread Hannibal's with the movement. Then he drew a long deliberate lick over one of Hannibal's nipples.

"Do you have any idea," he murmured, catching a hand in Hannibal's hair, another scratching lightly down his chest. "How often I thought of you, alone in bed at night?"

"Certainly almost as often as I thought of you," Hannibal said. "Alone in bed, yes, but also during the morning routines you love so much."

"You're terrible," Will mumbled against his skin, biting careful bruises into him.

"I prefer 'dedicated.' You're here, aren't you?"

In retaliation, Will tugged at his nipple with his teeth, relishing the low groan he pulled from Hannibal's lips. "Terrible," he repeated, delivering the same treatment to the other nipple.

Hannibal's thighs were just as firm as he'd imagined them to be, solid muscle under Will's palms as he pressed them apart. His cock was thick, reddened at the tip as the foreskin pulled back to expose it. Will's mouth watered.

Hannibal made another glorious sound as Will took the head of his cock into his mouth, an eager noise that had Will humming with pleasure around him.

Hannibal let his fingers part Will's curls and press to his scalp as Will took his cock in deeper. He'd caught the man watching on the first day, was curious if his antics had frightened him off but pleasantly surprised when just a few days later he was back, pretending for all the world that he wasn't watching Hannibal present his naked form so openly for him.

After that he had just hoped, wondered, watched Will in return when he'd stood on his porch seemingly engrossed in his phone. Had Will not come to him, now, he would have found his way to Will - though he had no idea what his excuse to be at his door would have been.

It didn't matter.

Not now. Not when Will was bobbing his head so eagerly between Hannibal's legs and making him so hard it actually *ached* . It didn't even matter where this went now as long as it kept happening often.

"Will," he sighed, tugging his hair just enough to pull a pleased low whine from Will, but not move him from his cock. "God, you're perfect."

He'd thought of this; of this and many other things. Of having Will between his legs, of being between Will's, the man squirming in pleasure as Hannibal worked him to orgasm with his tongue. He'd imagined fingers stretching and curling, Will's cheeks flushed, lips parted and red. He'd imagined and ached and wanted, and reality was even more extraordinary.

"Will, please… let me -"

Will pulled off, but barely, close enough for a string of saliva to stretch between his lips and the head of Hannibal's cock. "I want you," he said, the strand snapping. "I want you, just let me-"

"You can have me," Hannibal promised, hauling him up. "As much of me as you like, but not if you keep your mouth there."

"I don't have anything."

"I do."

Hannibal did naked yoga most mornings. Of *course* he had lube tucked away between his couch cushions, just waiting to be used.

"Do you have a preference?" He asked. Will shook his head, then paused, considering.

"You," he said, face red, "holding the Dolphin pose as long as you can."

Hannibal considered him a moment before grasping Will's chin and yanking him close to kiss him again. "You've been studying."

"You're addictive," Will laughed, watching Hannibal narrow his eyes at him before moving to the mat again. As Will watched, entirely unable to look away, as always, Hannibal bent and caught himself gracefully against the floor with the palms of his hands. Then, slowly, he eased his body lower, to his elbows, and cast his eyes over his shoulder at Will.

"Oh my God," Will told him frankly, blinking at the beautiful body before him that he could actually *touch* now, that he could still taste against his tongue, and *oh god* Hannibal's cock was so hard between his legs and Will just wanted to drop to his *knees* for him. He flicked open the cap with his thumb, eyes not once moving from where they were devouring Hannibal's form as he slicked himself up. Hannibal groaned, and turned his face away, setting his feet just a little wider.

Will wanted too much at once. He wanted all of it. He wanted to fuck him, he wanted to jerk off and watch his come slip slick over Hannibal's tanned skin, he wanted to suck him off, to rim him, to be rimmed, to -

No. One thing at a time. They had time.

He teased between Hannibal's cheeks with two fingers before pressing in just the one, relishing the sound Hannibal made as he twisted it, pushing deeper and slipping back out again. When he added another, Hannibal trembled where he held himself. Will couldn't imagine the strain his body was under, holding such a position, but he looked so good bent over this way, open, presenting, entirely for Will to enjoy, that he couldn't quite bring himself to tell Hannibal to ease into something more comfortable.

Later. After Will had looked his fill, when he was ready to climb atop him and fuck him until they were both panting.

For now, Will was frozen, watching the way Hannibal's body drew him in, hole fluttering around Will's knuckles. He made room for himself, a third finger spreading Hannibal wide.

"Enough," Hannibal panted into the soft mat. "Enough, Will, I'm ready."

He may have been, but Will was not. He wasn't ready for how Hannibal groaned as he slid his fingers out, and again when Will guided him lower, bent enough for Will's cock to rut against his entrance. Nor was he ready for the burning heat that enveloped him and stole his breath.

He bottomed out, holding himself over Hannibal's trembling form. He was still arched, still bent into a position that must have been painful, though he made no complaint. Instead, he stretched, his arms out ahead of him as he rocked back into Will.

"Fuck, oh fuck," Will ducked his head against Hannibal's back and held his hips, for a moment not moving at all, trying to get his bearings, trying to bring himself back to the now. To what was actually happening. When he moved, it wasn't brutal, he didn't want to injure Hannibal in any way just… have him like this. The pace was slow but the thrusts pushed deep, enough that Hannibal's voice pulled from him on a curse in a language Will didn't know, enough that he was shaking and covered in a thin film of sweat within moments.

"Will -"

"Move," Will sighed, "you can move however you need, please, I need to fuck you."

Hannibal shifted just enough to be able to lower himself onto his knees, Will slipping free to follow him down. As soon as Hannibal was on all fours, Will was on him again, thrusting in and fucking deep, forehead pressed between Hannibal's shoulders, one hand out to catch Hannibal's own against the yoga mat as the other dug bruises into Hannibal's thigh.

He wanted to claim him, to leave Hannibal a shaking mess as thoughts of Hannibal had left Will in bed so often. He wanted to press together, uncaring for the sweat and inappropriate location, and have Hannibal shove him onto his back to take him as soon as they'd both recovered. He wanted a lot. He wanted it all, actually, but his mind wasn't exactly working outside of base *needs* to fuck and claim and kiss and touch and taste the man beneath him.

It wouldn't last long. Will could already feel pleasured heat creeping up his spine. Beneath him, Hannibal's noises were animal, harsh grunts and rough moans with every jerk of Will's hips. Will was out of control, his body heavy and weighing Hannibal down, rocking his body with Will's.

"You're fucking gorgeous," Will hissed, and Hannibal's bark of a laugh was swallowed up by a moan when Wull managed to get a hand around his cock.

In the end, they collapsed, Hannibal pinned to the mat on his stomach, rutting helplessly into Will's hand as he came. His pleasure encouraged Will's own, and Will only made it a handful of thrusts before he too was overtaken.

Hannibal's hole was reddened and sore-looking when Will pulled out. He wanted to slide his fingers in and see what other noises Hannibal could make. Instead, he dropped heavily onto his side, panting for breath just as Hannibal was.

After several long minutes, Hannibal turned his head to peer at Will, the beginnings of a smirk forming on his lips. "I've been thinking of buying curtains," he said.

"Don't you dare."

"Would you rather have an audience for our workout sessions then?"

Will snorted, looking back at Hannibal before casting his eyes up to the window that faced his house. He lived alone - with seven dogs, but they could hardly look over the fence - and that part of the porch was off-center enough from the main stairs to be fairly private.

No one else would see.

And if they did… the idea wasn't the worst Will had heard.

"Maybe once we get a proper rhythm going," Will mumbled, grinning when Hannibal's smirk widened. Will licked his lips and leaned in to kiss him, stroking a gentle palm over the man's shoulder and down his back as he did.

"Practice."

"At least once a day," Will agreed.

"Every day."

"If we make it routine, we're more likely to keep going," Will grinned, letting his eyes close as Hannibal moved to kiss him this time. They were sweaty, sticking to the mat beneath their sides, and lying prone in Hannibal's front room with only semi-sheer curtains on the windows overlooking the sidewalk. "It takes twenty-eight days to build a routine," he added.

Hannibal hummed, considering. "Always safer to go for longer, make sure it's truly ingrained."

"Are you ready to go again?" Will asked him, amused. Hannibal just shook his head, pushing up on his arms and moving to rest on all fours over Will.

"I don't need to be," he lifted a hand to crook two fingers, unnecessarily, before shifting down Will's body. "You, however, are going to need to learn proper stretches to be able to maintain peak performance for our mornings."

Will a laugh, Will drew his knees up and spread his legs.

End Notes

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